"Goodby," he said, reluctant to drop the hand he held.

"Goodby," she repeated, but without

an equal show of feeling. "I shall come back-"

"When you are older, and then you will not see me with the same eyes." "I shall love you then as now."

"That depends on how long you re-

main away." "If I remain away twenty years

there will me no change in me." Such was the parting between Milton Robbins, aged nineteen, and Alexh Dyer, widow, aged twenty-five. He i was going to a distant city to begin a business career at \$10 a week and was heartbroken because she would not consent to an engagement.

For fifteen years Robbins devoted himself exclusively to two thingsmoney making and writing letters to the woman he loved. He had a natwral gift for the former and was not half bad at the latter. Mrs. Dyer replied to his effusions at intervals, but at the end of ten years dropped her side of the correspondence for a long while. When she resumed it, Robbins was pleased that a rest seemed to have freshened her feelings. She responded more heartily than before to the warmth he put into his own words

At last he wrote that he was getting his affairs in shape to go and claim his promise. The lady intimated modestly that her friends assured her that hers was a remarkable case w woman keeping her youth, and if when he saw her he was of the same epinion and felt the same toward her as when they parted she would consent to marry him. He replied that he did not love her for her beauty and whether she looked old or young he would claim her promise.

When Robbins first saw his Alexia after so many years' separation it was in the gloaming of a summer evenber. It did not occur to him that a woman under the circumstances would choose such a light which would best conceal the change in her. Nevertheless the moment he saw her he started, not at the change, but at the want of change. He knew the interval that Hime had left her so nearly what she was. But when she came forward sovered with blushes to welcome him with the same peculiar gait, the same gave no thought to changes or want of changes, but took her in his arms.

Robbins surveyed her critically. "You look," he said, "I should say about five years older than when we parted." Then, noticing that she was disappointed, he added, "No, only about two years older."

At this she smiled the same sweet mile he had loved so well, and he went on. "One thing I notice in you, I grant is changed. Your voice was the only feature in your makeup that I did not fancy, It was a trifle shrill. The years have mellowed it into a rich contralto."

This compliment seemed to please her inordinately. She could not repress a self satisfied smile that hovered about her lips. She did not seem to tire of such criticisms and asked for other of her improvements, and, he, seeing that to hear them pleased her, told her of a number.

"And now," he said at parting, "I mke it that nothing remains but the wedding. I beg of you to keep me waiting as short as posible. I propose trip to Europe. I have only a limited time to spend away from my business, and every day spent here must be taken from our sojourn there."

"If you care no more for display than I we can be married immediate-

"Very well. Let it be tomorrow morning. We'll take the steamer that sails at 1 o'clock."

The couple were gone two months when they returned to the bride's home, where they rested a few days before going to their new one. One evening they were sitting side by side when Mrs. Robbins said, "I wish you to tell me whether you are perfectly eatisfied with me."

"I am more than satisfied. I am de-Mebted. When I knew you first I will edmit there were certain traits in your character that at times grated on my sensibilities. Time has not only obliterated them, but developed many attractive features that I did not even know you possesed."

"And you love me better than my other self that you knew years ago?" "Far better. You always told me that middle aged men prefer younger women; that when I should be at my present age I would scorn a woman of your age. In reality, while I find that pos have changed but little physically your mind, your soul is greatly im-

He had hardly finished speaking when a portiere was pulled aside and a middle aged woman came into the 100m. She was without hat and gloves, and seemed as much at home as if she had always lived at the

"My dear," said Mrs. Robbins, rising, "this is my mother"

"Your mother!" exclaimed Robbins, astonished "I didn't know you had

"Oh yes, she has," said the lady advancing, with a smile, "and a scheming one Milton, con't you know me?" Robbins stared at her and recognized the woman he had loved 15 years before. As he looked he saw what he

had escaped. "Alexis," he said gallantly, "I love you still, but it is as you have forced me to love you as my mother."-F. A. Mitchell.

The Beginning of True Success. Senator Albert J. Beverldge in a recent article says: "Do we pay so much attention to mere material success that we exclude from mind and heart other things more possious? I am anxious that every young American should win in all the conflicts of life-win in college and businessbut I am even more anxious that through all of his triumphs he should grow Lroader, sweeter and more kindly. After all, we are human beings. We do not want to be mere machines of success do we? That is callying our mechanical age a little too far. We want to keep that within us which makes our victory worth having after we have won it. What matter your meantains of wealth, or your actwork of political power, or those secrets which in your laboratory you have wrang from Nature-what matter all, and everything that the world calls 'success,' if the human quality has been dried up in you?

"Those are fine things that St. raul says about a man not amounting to anything no matter how talented and powerful he may be, if he have not charity: 'And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not coarity, I am nothing,' Everybody points out had nassed and could not believe that to you what you can get out of a college and how to get it, what you can get out of a career and now to get that. But, unless you want all of year getting to turn to bitter emptiunique toss of the head by which he ness in the end, you must pay atwould know her among a hundred he tention to that elemental manhood exalted by those beautiful moralities that you get at but one place and at When his first transports were over but one period in this world. That Alexia said to him, "Tell me, and tell period is your young manhood betoes the truth, wherein am I changed?" your enter college, and that place is the old home where influences angelic have been at work upon your caaracter.

"It could not be otherwise. Home - the home that you leave or the home you make-is the spot where most of your life is to be spent. Home was the place of your birth. And a the Angel of Death is kind to you, home will be the place of your farewell. it is to the home that you bring life's wages, where those wages are opulence, glory or merely daily bread. It is the home which interprets the whole universe for you. And it is the hours which not only furnishes a reason for our existence, but in itself constitutes the motive for all maniy effort. Quite naturally, therefore, the home is concerned with character more than it is with grosser things. -

"The instruction which the true American mother gives her son is, therefore, a training in honor rather than a training in success,"

Backsliding at Fly Time.

A Western Kansas farmer came to the Santa Fe Munitor, and asked that his name be taken off the church books. "What is the trouble, prother Jones? asked the surprised pastor, "I supposed you were a faithful follower of the Lamb," "Well, I sorter believed that myself, but there is just no use talkin', a man can't serve the Lord where he has to milk four cows in fly time. After the first heavy frost I'll try this church business again, but just now I either have to sell the cows give up the church or be a durned hyp

Beyond the Reach of Medicine. "Gerald, what makes your eyes so

"Are they red, Millie? Then it must be because I didn't sleep well last

night." "Are you troubled with insomnia? You ought to take something to cure

"But I don't wan't to be cured of it. lie awake thinking of you." It was plain sailing for Gerald after that.-Chicago Tribune.

Perhaps he's on his vacation. At any rate we havn't heard a word from the Akund of Swat this summer .- Des

Mines Daily News. Borem-Well, I've got a right to all

BLACK SEA BATS.

Encounter With Winged Fish That Leaps Into theAir.

Imagine a jet-black bat of fifteen or more feet across, with a long, sleader tail, the fins rising and falling like wings with a motion the percetion of grace; wings jet-black above, pure white below, flashing alternately black and white as the fishes turned and swung along, standing out against the mauve tint of the bottom with wonderful distinctness. They bore a remarkable resemblance to bats and were the pats of the sea

As the dingby moved nearer I saw

that rare spectacle—a huge ray turn completely over, throwing a somersault as it swung around, a picture of grace, yet never losing its position. presenting for a few seconds beautiful lines attuned to perfect grace. I was fascinated by this singular performance, characteristic of these giant fishes, and might have remained inactive had not the dinghy reached a point when it was apparent they must see us. I permitted one, two, three to go slowly whirling on, then selected one that was headed up the lagoon in the direction of the cul-de-sac, I hurled the quivering grain pole into the black shadow just as it was about to turn. I heard the quick thud, saw the pole leap from the socket, heard the Indian plying his oar to head the dinghy up the reef, and then the very bottom of the sea seemed to ris into the air as the great bat-like creature rose hodily from a maelstrom of spray. affording a vision of beating wings. that deluged the boat and occupants: hen it fell with a resounding crash, the big waves from the impact careering the dinghy from which the rope was leaping like a colled adde. repolitan Magazine.

An Adroit Answer. In a Cleveland hotel the other day

manufacturer told this story of the late Senator Hanna

"Senator Harna, like all good managers, was continually walking through his mill, examining this, watching that-picking up, in a word, all sorts of good ideas for the better ment of his business.

"One morning, in a machine shop, the senator heard a little red-headed

"I wish I had Hanna's money and

he was in the poorhouse.' "Rather amused, the senator returned to his office and ordered the boy to be brought into him.

"The little fellow came and stood, a liny, embarrassed figure, before the shrewd and kindly millionaire.

"So you wish you had my money and I was in the poorhouse, eh? the genator said. 'Well, suppose you had "Why,' stammered the lad, 'the

first thing I'd do would be to get you out, sir.'

"In a adroit answer so pleased Sen ator Hanna that he raised the boy's

A Scottish Ball Game.

Before baseball became popular there was an old Scottish game called "cat in the hote." The boys of today are reviving it and finding it good sport. To play the game six shallow holes are dug rather nearer together than the basses in baseball and arranged so ar to form a diamond. In the center stands a boy with a ball in his nand. At each hole is a boy with a stick, one of which he rests in the hole he is guarding. When the boy with the bail sings out "Cat in the hole" all the other boys change holes. As they do so the boy with the ball tries to throw it into one of the holes before any boy gets his stick into it. If he succeeds the boy who is slow in changing the paster of his congregation, says and finds the ball in the hole before his stick must take the ball himseif.

Witte Married a Jewess.

In selecting a wife M. De Witte Russia's chief representative in the peace negotiations, chose a Jewess one of the race which has been treated so cruelly in his country. Mme De Witte was formerly the wife of a sub ordinate official, but she secured a di verce and has been very happy in her second marriage in spite of the fact she has never been received at court She also has been ibnored by the lear ing society women of St. Petersbur notwithstanding the high positions n husband has held.

> I like an open countenance it's what I bank most high on (It's understood that I except The tiger and the lion!) -New Orleans Times-Democrat.

"Quite a number of Englishman sre locating in that new suburb he's building up and he's thinking of calling the

place "Shitting." "I don't quite see the idea." "Well, that's the English quarter, you know."-Philadelphia Press.

A man never amounts to much until some nice girl takes pity on him and leads him to the matrimonial altar.

PROPOSALS

1. BOBBIE TOLD.

The girl in the fluffy pink gown was entertaining a caller on the varanda. The small boy in the white Russian suit, who had been swinging on t 4 railing, alid down and approaches

"Say Aunt Millie," he remarked. "are you going to tell him?"

"Run away, Bobby," said the young woman, hurriedly. 'Whatever does the child mean? You were saying Mr Winters-"

"You said you were going to te him," persisted Bobble, approachin; nearer and hanging over her knee. "What?" asked the young man dar-

ingly. The girl in pink straightened up. 'Your mamma wants you. Bobbie," she said in a tone of authority.

"No, she doesn't," objected the boy, "But, Aunt Millie, what did you say so or i you weren't going to tell him?"

"Do you remember that little express cart at the store you liked so much?" asked the girl beguilingly. "I will get it for you if you'll mind me now and run into the house."

"Don't you do it. Bob." broke in the young man, "I'll get you a bigger cart. if you'll stay out here and tell me what your auntie said she was going to tell me. I'm sure it's something I ought to know."

"Dick Winters!" said the girl in to pink. "How can you? You know what children are. I never said I was going to tell you anything. It's ali nonsense."

"It was when you were talking to mamma in the dining room," cried Bobbie, eager to remind her. "She said Mr. Winters came here an awful lot an' you said ---"

The girl in pink swooped down on her nephew and gathered him into smothering arms. Then she started for the door. Bobble writhed like an eel. Suddenly his crimson face popped out from under her arm.

"An' you said even if he didn't have any money he could come all he want ed to and you'd as soon tell him so -Bobbie's voice died away abruptly, as his aunt disappeared with him.

The young man on the porch sat with his head in his hands and waited a long time. Finally the girl in pink came back slowly, bravely.

The young man took both her hands in his and there was a moment's silence. When he spoke his voice shook

"And I'd never have known-or dared to tell you-if it hadn't been for that angel Bob."

II. MAKING A CHOICE.

I felt surprised and somewhat annoved Wednesday night when Donald asked me when I would marry him. I thought it betekened assurance on his part. Perhaps I had led him to think that I had accepted him, but he was taking a good deal for granted, any way. Somehow I found it difficult just then to explain this to Donald, so I took refuge in the customary helpless, "I don't know," and smiled

vaguely. Donald kissed me good night and departed looking absently satisfied. I really had no intention of marrying him, but I was too tired to consider it much that night and fell asleep thinking that I could tell him about his mistake the next time I saw him

At Dolly Aker's luncheon Thursday the girls rushed up to me and asked me whether I had heard of Jack Thornton's engagement to Miss Bates. I hadn't heard. I had promised Jack to marry him the last time I saw him, if he would go to work, and he had smiled as only Jack can smile and sald: "Little girl, you know I will do anything in the world for you-yes, even work."

The girls looked disappointed when I laughed in a pleasant way and told them how Jack had told me all about his engagement a week ago and how thoroughly I approved because it would be such a good thing for him. After that we talked about the new evening gowns

When I reached home I passed the rest of the afternoon taking out the sleeves of my black evening gown which I have worn for the last four years. I hoped thus to disguise its identity. Anwhow, my arms are good. In the evening I went to the Country club dance with Dick Hamilton. He was unusually annoying coming home Dick has exquisite manners, which he does not always use.

The next evening Donald came and also Dick Hamilton. Donald quietly persisted in staying until Dick finally left. There was a little proprietary look in his eyes which was not at all unbecoming. I like men with square shoulders and square chins. His coat seemed an unusually comfortable place to put one's head against, too.

For some reason I cried a little while I told him about a good many things, but he only laughed combort ingly and kissed me and told me that I was a funny little thing, and then I laughed, too

We are going to be married early September .- Chicago News.

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W. S. Holland, M. D., Marshall, Mo

me that will cure piles." R. E. Holloway, ex-member board, Marshall, Mo: "I cheerful R. E. Holloway, ex-member school board, Marshall, Mo: "I cheerfully add my testimony as to the efficacy of your new pile-remedy. I was so afflicted that I was incapacitated to attend to business. I was a great sufferer; but one half box of your Hemorline has completely

J. M. Huff, member city council, Mar-shall, Mo. "I am an old man, had suf-ferred nearly 60 years with piles; I had dispaired at my age of ever getting well; but this was before I knew of Hemorilne. The use of that wonderful remedy for about six weeks removed the long and often excruciating affliction. I have been perfectly well for over six years." A. J. Graves, Farmer and Stockman, Murshall, Mo: "It is the best healing salve for sores on stock, I have ever used-wire cuts or any other kind of sores. It is of great value to the farmer during the cropping season."

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The Publishers Newspaper Union, Kansas City, Mo., Vol. VI, No. 14.

John Hay's Sentiments.

A jingle written by the late John Hay, thirty years ago has been dug up At that time he was employed on the New York Tribune and was the posses or of a telegraph frank. He wanted it renewed at the end of the year and sent these lines to the proper authorit; who promptly acted on the hint:

I'd rather ride a baby ass Or lose my hook to a big black bass Or stand a she book agent's sass Or dine on nothing but blue mass Or share King Nebuchadnezzar's grast than carry around a last year's pass

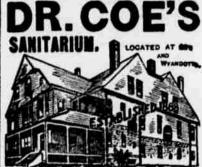
Them's my sentiments.

"Yes," remarked Mrs. Firegilt with emplacency, "everybody thinks my, new furniture is splendid. It is of the te Louis Carthorse pattern, you know."-Boston Transcript.

Mrs. Subbubs-The cook wants an other afternoon off every week. Mr. Subbubs, (anxiously)-Did you show her a calendar and try to ex plain that it would be impossible for us to make eight afternoons in one week .- Puck.

"What took best at your amateur minstrel show?"

"The mistakes."-Puck



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Seawee Breakwaters.

Several breakwaters formed of sea weed are to be found in the centra parts of the North Atlantic ocean and in the Pacific on the Sandwitch Isles. The inclosures are called Sar agosso seas. In appearance they are not unlike undulating meadows, con sisting of a succession of yellow feathery bunches. The plant of which grows to a length of between 300 and 400 feet, the tangled mass, swaying like a pondrous curtain in the water most effectually dulls the power of the tremendous rollers.

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

Leading Camels.

When a number of camels trave! they usually are led by a strong bull who keeps the rest in order. If the leader should fall ill, or be absent from any other cause, the herd almost in variably mutinies. In Asia Missor the duty of leading camel caravans is frequently deputated to donkeys. This may sound curious, but it must be remembered that in the East the donker is an important animal.

A lot of people know more than they can find out.-Chicago News.

Deafness Cannot be Cured. by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness and that is by constitutional remedies Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Evstachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, Deniness is the result. and unless the inflamation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by Catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the

mucous surfaces. We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure Send for circu-

lars, free F J CHENEY & CO, Toledo, O Sold by all Druggists, 75c, Take Hall's Family Pills for constipetion.

Old Financier-Young man, you must remember that there's always

room at the top of the ladder ! Applicant for Job .-- Um. Would you mind giving me a boost so I can see for myself?-Detroit Free Press.

Briggs-Topperly took a drink two days after he signed the pledge, Griggs--What caused the delay,-